

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

VOL. VII.

FEBRUARY, 1901.

No. 5.

THE LIBERATOR'S END.

But forty years ago
This nation by strife was riven,
And poor slaves by masters driven.
In miseries and woe,
Where freedom her joys had given,
They suffered as none 'neath heaven
All trials that men bestow.

This western sunny land
Would not long with such crimes dally,
For heroes 'round heroes rally
Led by a warrior hand.
Then boldly o'er hill, through valley
Their clarions sound; freedom's galley
Sails on to this fair strand.

Then with their leader brave
They returned from the fight all gory
Together, the young and hoary,
Praise to their chief they gave.
The hand of foul hell the story
Cuts short; for Lincoln from glory
Passed to his silent grave.

T. F. KRAMER, '01.

EVANGELINE AND ENOCH ARDEN.

THESE poems are the productions of those minds who followed the principle: "Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws." The most popular poets of the nineteenth century, Longfellow and Tennyson, endeavored to please their readers, and were content if in this they succeeded. The qualities which most attract in their poetry are the true feelings with which they contemplate nature and social life, the common affections and troubles of mankind. In the sphere of humble life, the motions of simple nature are most sweetly depicted in *Evangeline* and *Enoch Arden*. More pathetic and beautiful poetical narrations have never yet enriched our language.

Evangeline is an American poem wholly national in character, a tale of rural life and unsuccessful love; it is the only perfect specimen of rhythm and melody in the English hexameter. Longfellow did not choose for himself the entire history of Arcadia; but selecting the more poetical circumstances for his history, combined them with authentic historical materials, the banishment of the Arcadian peasants from their happy homes, and created a tale of rare beauty, tenderness and moral power. All the happiness and sorrow of this simple people is centered in the heroic *Evangeline*, wandering through a prolonged life in search of her betrothed.

One would naturally think, that with the sorrows of *Evangeline* a more simple rhythm would be in harmony. The English tongue, as is generally supposed, is averse to hexameter; but the poet's extraordinary command of the resources of the language would fain prove the contrary. English verse depends upon its verbal attractions and cadences: the principal difficulty of the hexameter lies in conveying English sounds to the penultimate dactyl, and to modify them according to the sentiments expressed. In this Longfellow stands eminent in the field of English letters. His lines grow gradually to a tranquil dignity admirably befitting the subject.

Enoch Arden greatly differs in these respects. It is not national in character nor written in hexameter, the magnificence of the heroic verse would have been inconsistent with the nature of the story. The blank verse of *Enoch Arden* has a natural freedom; it tries to be like the talk of every-day life; it is a most perfect specimen of rhythmic simplicity; it never rises into the heroic march, except twice; first in the description of the tropic isle, and again, when Enoch convinces himself that "things seen are mightier than things heard", looking through the window, seeing the happiness of his home from which he is "cast away and lost."

Enoch Arden, like *Evangeline*, is essentially a love story, but they differ in quality of love. *Evangeline* is wholly Catholic in principle, which elevates it above the purely natural, gives to the whole tale a charm, and to the endurance of the heroine a loveliness which pales the ineffectual

fires of Annie in Enoch Arden. Evangeline is a life-like daguerreotype of the strongest womanly virtues among the daughters of Arcadia, she is the ideal Christian woman, clothed with the robe of simple innocence, decorated with all domestic virtues. The poet never presents her as weak and feeble; but in her greatest afflictions she assists and consoles others. Her "linen and woolen stuffs" are woven by her own hands, "a precious dower" "better than flocks and herds, being proof of her skill as a housewife." Annie is the personification of woman's weakness, her feeble hands are unfit for work; nor is she "bred to barter," and consequently she needs the constant support of others.

The introductions of both poems happily tell the course of the tales. In Enoch Arden Tennyson gives proof of his superior powers of analysis and synthesis, the two servitors of art. The entire action of the story, the future fate of the men is skillfully foretold by the children playing on the beach. At the quarrel of Philip and Enoch:

"The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say, she would be little wife to both."

But it is immoral in its basis. Annie consents too quickly to the proposals of Philip; Enoch, "the dead man come to life again," should have informed Annie that he is still alive.

Considering, however, the spirit of Anglicanism in which Tennyson wrote, we feel inclined to excuse the poet, who purposed to cull the characters faithfully from nature, and succeeded admirably. The poet never offends. "The slighted sui-

tor of former days" "seldom crossed the threshold of Annie's house." Only in her greatest distress,

"Philip's true heart, which hungered for her peace
Smote him as having kept aloof so long.

'Surely', said Philip, 'I may see her now,
May be some comfort;' therefore he went."

He tells her: "I am always bound to you, but you are free." "Take your own time." Annie consents only after having obtained a sign in her dream.

"When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,
He is gone, she thought, he is happy, he is singing
Hosanna in the highest."

Enoch's love is pure and most intense; but a greater sense of duty gives a stronger and higher impulse to all his actions. He leaves Annie only to increase her happiness; he ever thought of giving his children "a better bringing up than his had been or hers"; to rescue them from

"Evermore leading
Low miserable lives from hand-to-mouth."

He is the ideal English sailor, upright, strong, enduring and daring.

"Almost to all things could he turn his hand;
Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
To make the boatman fishing nets, or helped
A lading and unlading the tall barks."

Tennyson has concentrated his powers in picturing that awful moment when Enoch meets his tragedy. This passage stands unrivaled for its humanity. The author had perfect control over his imagination. In both poems, though there is no humor in either, sorrow is seasoned with gladness. We feel the heavy mood of Evan-

geline asking: "Gone? Is Gabriel gone?", and see her wearily wandering and not finding; we hope with her in sympathy. A gift of "saying things" sweetly and tersely is a faculty peculiar to these two poets.

Enoch Arden is more concise than Evangeline; yet the one is not overconcise, nor the other too elaborate. There is enough action, natural delay and sufficient repetition to make the reader understand that years and years elapsed. A great charm in Evangeline lies in the insulated description of graphic scenery. It embellishes the subject, and gives us a proof of the poet's powerful imaginative faculty. Though "Enoch Arden" is almost without graphic description, save now and then of coast and ocean, Tennyson is not inferior in strength of imagination. Longfellow loved nature in itself, Tennyson only because it served him in his poetry. "Evangeline" is Longfellow's greatest production of poetic art; Enoch Arden is by no means inferior to anything Tennyson has ever written. Both pieces are so perfect that the artist lies concealed in his work. They are like a gentleman in neat dress: nothing is missing; nothing superfluous everybody is pleased without being startled, and few ask the reason why.

S. MEYER, '01.

A HASTY GLIMPSE AT CATHOLIC LITERATURE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

ZEPHYRS gentle and mild will blow on forever. Now they waft before us sweet fragrances, as if from the hallowed gardens of long forgotten Eden; now the acrid dryness of a parched Sahara. Both in turn sail onward on their ghostly, airy wings. The one delights us, we long for its silent presence; the other we despise and always seek to shun its approach, but when it arrives we are doomed to bide its influences, if we will or not. Such is the rising and fading glory of literature.

Every nation and all times honor and vaunt the works and productions of their own eulogized geniuses; be this in the realms of bloody warfare, searching sciences, ennobling and inspiring art, or the sublimest branch of human wisdom and intelligence—the all pervading spirit of elevating, soul-stirring literature. The artistic Greeks sing their eternal praises to heroic Homer; the scholarly Latins will honor their illustrious Virgil forever; the pious and imaginative Dante is the pride and boast of the sentimental Italians; Germany loves her Goethe and Schiller; calm England with right and justice reveres her own supernal immortals, dramatic Shakespeare and sublime Milton. These are but examples of individual nations, covering only a very limited portion of the earth's surface. But there are literary heroes whose minds and works are not circumscribed by these petty national and

territorial considerations. Their field always was and still is boundless; their ideas and imaginations are confined by naught but revelations of the Divine Word. They are the faithful children of the universal Church. They are those Catholics, gifted with true literary talents, whose range of expression and thought is as expansive as the influence of their Mother Church is catholic. They are the builders of a truly noble, elevated, God-inspired literature. When we say Catholic literature, we mean not every writer who called himself a Catholic, or whose progenitors may have been Catholic, but only those who also lived as Catholics—who despised even the whole world if it challenged or questioned or reviled them on account of their faith—those to whom faith was first, literature second, but such literature as the angels of heaven might wish to read.

From the beginning of Christianity there has been a Christian, Catholic literature; ever glorious, ever increasing, ever becoming more perfect; always Godlike, with but one set aim: to glorify the inimitable power of the Creator; to celebrate before men the endless, divine mercies of the Redeemer; to teach the never-ending love of the Sanctifier of a perverted and godless human race. This literature, ever complete in its universality, has met with its trials and troubles—difficulties that to the human eye seemed insurmountable—barriers that to human strength and power of will seemed impregnable. It has overcome all—the hellish and damnable wickedness of pagan, martyr-blood-drinking Rome; the savage fury of Atilla and his

whole host of devil-inspired followers; the silly and deluded Mohamet and all his millions of weak-minded and hair-brained adherents. It was the glory of the Middle Ages, called by our pious bigots of later days the "Dark Ages." Yes, dark! But only in the unscrupulously silly and fancy-rotten imaginations of these self-conceited, broken-minded and godless fools in their own very narrow and very foolishly prejudiced circles.

The evil passions of men are the worst enemies of our race. The Luther and Henry VIII. Reformations, hypocritically so called, were the most powerful and most shameful enemies the arch-fiend of hell has yet placed into Catholic literature's serene, quiet paths. Though hampered by these difficulties, Catholic writers stand abreast with any the last century has produced, and it matters little, very little, what sectarian name of humbuggery these non-Catholic authors apply to themselves.

Indeed, we are not opposed to Protestant Literature, so called, for our English, American, and German literatures are essentially such. We love too well those noble names: Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Longfellow in poetry; Scott, Ruskin and Irving in prose, together with numberless others not necessary to mention. They possess not a few good things, these we love, these we read, these we endeavor to imbibe into our very nature. But Catholic literature we revere, for in it all things are good and wholesome. Our opponents in religion should only remember that they are not the only ones, that there are others

who can wield a pen, produce fiery prose in philosophical arguments and entertaining fiction; others, too, who have scaled the sublime heights of far-away Parnassus. Such have been the past times, but the prospects of future glory are still brighter.

The last century has been more prolific in Catholic authors than any since the glorious fourteenth descended into its oblivious grave, with Dante buried in its bosom, and the memory of Chaucer fresh in its heart. In the beginning the heavens appeared to be rather gloomy; but in the end they were covered with glory. Well may we recall Dr. Johnson's words: "The chief glory of every people arises from its authors." So can we Catholics triumphantly boast of our illustrious luminaries in the literary walks. 'Tis an endless chain of innumerable links.

Mention but the name of Cardinal Newman! What an incomprehensible series of pleasant recollections of all that is noble, true, beautiful and good arises in our wandering, searching mind. A wonderful genius was he, such as appears not every day on earth! Born in bigotry he first resolved to cast his lot with the narrow-minded doings of a prejudiced race, factious in religion and government. In the first fiery impulses of youthful ambition he was prepared and firmly determined at all hazards to stand by his chosen goal. But an honest, truth-loving mind was his. It soon looked far above the mean, paltry things of earth. He began an earnest search; light and strength followed; truth and error came into conflict and the former triumphed. Dr. Newman, who for phil-

osophical depth of argument has not been surpassed in many a decade, to whom the Anglican High Church looked for permanent support and lasting power, saw the folly of his youthful days; at once he decried the hypocrisy and usurped leadership of that church, which had been founded on sin and vice by the ambitious, vicious, soul-destroying Henry VIII., and turned his faltering steps toward Rome, the eternal, central city of divine power on earth. There on the mild bosom of that ever blessed, ever faithful mother he found that complacent, perpetual peace and self satisfaction which no other power on earth could have bestowed on his aching, bleeding heart. Newman devoted his entire life to study—to rigorous, diligent, ceaseless study. With the first development of his logical mind the English Church seemed to him a hollow shell, in her he could not detect truth. But to obtain this highly cherished truth—both divine truth and divine faith—was the prime study and the most earnest craving of his youthful soul. To the obtainment of this end he directed all his labors; endured all the harsh criticisms and severe attacks that were aimed at the Tractarian Movement, of which he was for a time the supreme leader. Amid trials and tribulations the true light at length began to illumine his sorrowful soul. He continued, in spite of all, his studies of the lives and works of the Fathers of the Church, until in the sweet embrace of that true Church he found that heavenly peace and calmness of heart and mind which is given to man nowhere else on earth.

Newman, indeed, has left us a durable monu-

ment of his energetic labors. One needs but read his "Grammar of Assent" or "Idea of University" to obtain a glimmering knowledge of the profound depths of his philosophical and logical reasonings; his "Apologia", to know how deep rooted were the sound convictions of the firm Catholic faith in that noble, heroic, but severely and unjustly criticised soul. His ever beautiful "Dream of Gerontius" is a perpetual memorial of his high sense for poetic beauties and the supreme works of divine love and mercy. A host of volumes he has written; sermons, lectures philosophical and historical, essays, educational works and others. Even the domain of fiction he did not despise. "Callista," abounding in beautiful natural descriptions, bearing the vivid expression of the true primitive faith will ever prove charming and useful reading. Such is the never ending fame of Cardinal Newman, not only the greatest writer of his age, but the greatest Catholic representative in Catholic Literature proud Albion has produced.

To the name of Cardinal Newman are closely allied Cardinal Wiseman and Cardinal Manning. The former's "Fabiola," in which he faithfully depicts the sufferings and glories, the self-denials and the triumphs of the early Christians, when they dwelt hidden in the dark, dismal avenues of the Catacombs, will live forever. His other works are purely religious and philosophical in their nature. So likewise are all of Cardinal Manning's productions, of which "Confidence in God," "The Blessed Sacrament," and "The Eternal Priesthood" will always prove delightful, instructive and edifying.

Father Faber! What sweet memories and recollections does not this name arouse in every heart! His was a life of trials, troubles and love, cemented together by faith divine. Fame was to him nothing, the salvation of souls all. In his search after truth he suffered all the pangs that afflicted Newman's soul, but with double pain, as the intensity of his love, hope and fear was deeper. His was a life spent in a noble cause: "to make piety bright and happy." This was the motive of his labors; this urged him on in sicknesses, persecutions, almost overburdened by the duties of his daily life, to compose those spiritual works which to this day so irresistibly charm every reader. Indeed, he has "made piety bright and happy." By his easy, graceful, elegant pen he has made abstruse theology popular. Where are there better spiritual treatises in the language than "All For Jesus," "An aim to make piety bright, happy and attractive for those who need such helps"; "Blessed Sacrament," "This treatise is an attempt to popularize certain portions of the science of theology the same way as hand-books have popularized astronomy, geology and other physical sciences"; "Growth in Holiness", "This book was written to put before the reader things to be remembered, and in such a way as he will best remember them" etc. All his works fulfill the august aim the author had in view and will continue to do so in time to come. Macaulay's flowery rhetoric will cease to charm; Ruskin's art criticisms, to be instructive; Carlyle's peculiarities, to be enticing, yet then Father Faber's writings

will continue to lead fervent souls nearer to the merciful feet of their God. The reading of his hymns soothes the disturbed and anxious heart. Every line expresses some heavenly God-given truth, bearing consolation to the afflicted and oppressed, encouraging the saintly to undertake still nobler deeds of heroic, self-sacrificing virtue of love divine. They all breathe forth the angelic spirit of humble resignation to the Almighty's will.

"The path of duty, like the stream,
Hath flowers that round it bloom;
The thicker and the lovelier
The nearer to the tomb.

And, oh! the best and purest life
Is that which passes slow;
And yet with all so evenly,
We do not feel it go."

Indeed charming are his verses, though they do not possess the refined elegance of Keats, Shelly and Tennyson. They express divine truths interspersed with poetic beauties, whereas the latter have for their foundation poetic beauties and sonorous elegance of diction. Father Faber is with us no more. But in his works we possess him entirely; we can feel that burning love for his blessed Saviour that daily consumed his patient heart.

To these lustrous lights many other names might yet be added. May but a few eminent prelates suffice. In England we have Dr. Doyle and Bishop McHale; on this side of the Atlantic Bishops England, M. J. Spalding, Hughes etc. will ever hold their own.

Among the essayists and reviewers the Catholics have been well represented during the past age. T. W. M. Marshall and T. W. Allies are well worthy of mention, the latter especially for the elegance with which he treated his most elegant subjects: "Peter's Rock in Mohamet's Flood," "Per Crucem ad Lucem" etc. America has brought to the first rank Orestes A. Brownson and Brother Azarias; the former is distinguished for his deeply philosophical writings, the latter for his energetic labors in behalf of education.

In history's exacting realms we have not been so numerous represented. But yet we have before us one name that will in every respect challenge Gibbon, Hume and Robertson, that is Dr. J. Lingard. He possesses all "those careless inimitable beauties" which have created Hume's fame. "The narrative of Lingard has the perspicuity of Robertson, with more freedom and fancy. His diction has the ornament of Gibbon, without his affectation and obscurity. His narrative has a freshness of character, a stamp of originality not to be found in any other history of England in common use. To borrow his own metaphor, he has not drawn from the troubled stream but drank from the fountain-head." Already fifty years ago Cardinal Wiseman wrote: "When Macaulay shall have been transferred to the shelves of romancers and poets, and he shall have thus received his due meed of praise, then Lingard will be still more conspicuous as the only impartial historian of our country." From day to day this prediction is being verified. The American Shea may well be

worthy of a passing notice.

In poetry a host of illustrious names confronts us. Thomas Moore should be first on the list, but since he was a Catholic, only in name and not in his daily actions, in accordance with our definition of Catholic Literature we will omit him entirely, great poet though he was. The noblest worthies undoubtedly are: Aubrey De Vere, T. D'Arcy McGee, Coventry Patmore and D. F. McCarthy, the one time poet laureate of Ireland. Exemplary have been their efforts. Their work has always been uphill; but their courage has ever been superior to all difficulties; and victory has been theirs. In all things they have ever given expression to the true, the good and the beautiful. Among the Americans J. Boyle O'Reilly, Abram J. Ryan enjoy honorable distinctions. In the compositions of easy, pleasing, devotional verses Miss Adelaide Anne Procter and Lady Herbert of Lea have merited for themselves an enviable position in our literature.

Thus we might go on indefinitely recounting names who have labored to create our literary standard. But the lines must be drawn somewhere as a full list would require volumes. We have to-day many living writers who have already deserved well of the people: more, however, is expected of them, and in their own good time, they will certainly receive most gratefully their just and proper dues.

T. F. KRAMER, '01.

THE MORNING-STAR.

Behold, how hopeful gleams in azure skies
The Morning-star!
O see him in his modest splendor rise
Away so far!

When night o'ershades man's tried and troubled soul,
A chilly night;
When she lost sight of her predestined goal,
Hope's star shines bright.

O blessed star! His soft and shining rays
Soothe, animate
The heart, and raise it up, pointing the ways
To happier fate.

Lo! O'er the mountain-crags Aurora springs;
Dark night retreats
Before her rosy smile; sweet hope she brings
For nobler feats.

The glorious sun's majestic splendor sheds
Mirth all around,
He dries the tears like dew on flowerets,
Whose scents abound.

My heart is glad and throbs in boundless glee
Within my breast;
For all my grief has fled, and I am free,
With gladness blest.

X. F. JAEGER, '03.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

THE nineteenth century has been productive of several eminent historians speaking the English tongue. Lingard and Hallam stand unrivaled for their industry and truthfulness among the historical writers of Great Britain; Prescott and Bancroft sprung from the exuberant virgin soil of the New World have wielded the pen with more than ordinary success in describing events concerning our own hemisphere. Their united efforts effected a permanent and good impression upon the character and condition of the nation, nor have they failed in commanding respect abroad. Prescott even more than any other American writer has brought about that bond of union which indissolubly combines the intellectual worlds on either side of the Atlantic. He stationed his country into its rank and file in the great arena of letters.

Prescott secured such a praiseworthy position only through continual, undiminished efforts. Stimulated by an ardent desire to contribute something to the knowledge of mankind, to substantiate doubtful questions of history, to portray in bold and brilliant relief the singular condition and character of certain periods, signalized by great events of far-reaching importance, he thought little of the embarrassing difficulties that were to be overcome. Unforeseen reverses in his early life had happily directed his mind into this channel of lit-

erature. Almost totally deprived of the use of his eyes, he never permitted himself the indulgence of luxurious ease in private life, on the contrary, he labored the more zealously on the fickle road to distinction, subject, at times, even to most trying circumstances that would have proven discouraging to any other man but himself. With the exception of the immortal author of "Paradise Lost," we have no similar instance on record. Dr. Johnson in his life of Milton has aptly stated "that to compile a history from various authors, when they can only be consulted by other eyes, is not easy, nor possible but with more skillful and attentive help than can be commonly obtained." This difficulty is aggravated when it becomes necessary to pursue antiquated books and documents of foreign languages. Still, according to his own statements, this tedious process left him less exposed to the projecting rocks of error by treating his subjects with mere mediocrity.

Fully aware, that the intrinsic value of a history must depend mainly upon correct information, he drew copiously from official documents and manuscripts that lay deposited in national archives, in libraries, public, private and monastic. We must accede to, that most of these sources are out of question, even in the eye of the most severe and perspicacious critic. Historical inquiries abundantly collated from Solis, Bernal Diaz, Sempere, Marina, and a brilliant host of other illustrious names testify to the author's deep research. But in glaring contrast with this, the author's inquisitive spirit has, at times, been foully misled

by the miscreant apostate, Lorenti, and the sympathetic but exaggerating Las Casas. But Lorenti's biased and fanatic accounts were yet little exposed, nor were his unjust aspersions ever refuted. Were Prescott to write his history over again, in his earnest endeavor to present a true picture of the actual state of affairs, his unerring judgment would resent any statements derived from this disreputable writer.

A history that is to survive its author must be characterized by various qualities. It is to be accurate and authentic, stating facts as distinct from fiction; another great desideratum in history is to present an impartial treatment of religious interests closely connected with secular events. Prescott desired to render it difficult to surmise whether he be a Protestant or Catholic, monarchist or republican, but though he has endeavored to be thus impartial, he is far too much contaminated by that Protestant prejudice which Archbishop Spalding aptly describes to be even greater than was of old the Carthaginian hatred towards Rome. The same authority designates him as the brilliant sun, but not immaculate, the spots of which in order to be detected, we need no teloscope. His defects, though in some measure concealed from common observation by the extreme artifice of his compositions, may nevertheless be brought out with equal distinction. Still there appears in Prescott a certain air of candor and liberality, though in this he has done nothing more than justice. This is, however, only a poor compensation for that negligence which prevents the his-

torian from discovering the real truth, or that prejudice which leads him to misrepresent it.

Were we to judge the merit of his productions, the palm of glory would be carried away by the "Conquest of Mexico." His first work, however, "The Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," cannot fail to awaken close attention and excite the interests of every American curious to investigate that memorable administration, under the auspices of which our favored quarter of the globe was first revealed. He deals with the affairs of the Peninsula from unusually varied points of view, and states his conclusions with temper and candor. The subversion of a great Mohammedan empire, the union of the various Christian states in the Peninsula, the discovery of the New World, the general impulse given to the culture of literature and the liberal arts, are all worthy memorials of that important reign. It is a splendid work on a still more splendid subject, evincing depth of research and uncommon penetration of mind, a work produced which will not only instruct the wisest, but interest likewise the young. Judicious critics are slow in according to any new author great pre-eminences, but, they on its first appearance in public admitted the book to be of superior excellency and pronounced it a monumental work worthy of future generations. It is not only of great value to the inquisitive American, but more so to the learned European.

The "Conquest of Mexico" is unique in its vivid descriptions, profound research, and display of vigorous spirit of inquiry. Quite absorbing,

indeed, is the account given of the romantic adventures, of the critical situations of fiercely contested battle-fields. Besides, he has given us a philosophical treatise concerning the government and state of civilization to which the Indian tribes of Mexico had attained. But their history was most intricate, whilst the task became more arduous in reconciling practices of abominations with actions that warranted a certain degree of natural perfection. Prescott surmounted these difficulties in course of time by efficient labor. Substantial justice is done, both to the character of the Conqueror and to the importance of the subject, though prejudice is abundantly interspersed, that may cause obliquity of view.

Of the "Conquest of Peru" we say that, while it did not detract from the author's reputation, it did certainly not materially add to his future glory. His literary standing had already been judged by the two previous publications.

No slight addition to the value of his productions constitute the notes and appropriate references either in the original, vernacular or translated into clear English, that are inserted at the foot of the pages and occasionally at the close of a chapter. His natural acuteness, however, seems totally to abandon him, whenever he enters as a polemic upon the hallowed ground of religious discussion. His reputation has suffered in consequence.

In reference to his splendid diction, Prescott obtained perfect control, clothing his sentences in smooth polished language, not wanting in the na-

tural simplicity best suited to historical narratives; it compares favorably with the too highly wrought finish of Irving and that of the forced style of Bancroft. His style was formed by the most assiduous labor for ten years, an exercise well calculated to bring about the most happy results. There is but one word which fits exactly, which word must be sought for with painstaking care and applied in its most natural significance. There was something higher, than mere popularity which he strove for—his own approval. Thus he succeeded to receive for a time, not only general admiration but a certain cult. Moreover, his style possesses another attractiveness which many notice, but cannot account for, it is, as Mr. Ticknor designates it, Prescott's individuality, his charming personal manners. In all regards, he has given his histories an English dress—dotted with various hues and shades, to fit the object of his purpose.

Prescott cannot be judged by his latter productions which are incomplete, owing to the increasing sickness of his eyes. Indeed, his literary destiny was fulfilled already, after "The Conquest of Peru." He had accomplished himself a worthy citizen and a recognized scholar at home and abroad. But the surest criterion of true greatness cannot be more emphatically exemplified than by the fact, that men, hopeless of attaining success, decline to enter into competition with another. Prescott's historical disquisitions display throughout an accurateness, penetration and comprehen-

siveness which no American writer has approached and which notwithstanding all defects alluded to, will secure him a rank permanently high in the literature of his country.

H. SEIFERLE, '01.

READING.

When winter's icy north winds blow
 'Tis pleasant joy to sit and read
 In hist'ry's page a hero's deed
When winter's icy north winds blow.
Still more: in thoughts most deep to flow
 It tells the minds that learning need,
When winter's icy north winds blow
 'Tis pleasant joy to sit and read.

SILENCE.

In solitude a purple golden flower
Unseen blooms, yet to deck a royal bower
Worthy is; silence to all men beauty brings
That hidden lies in no other earthly things.

T. F. K. '01.

HIGHER EDUCATION AND STAGE-ACTING.

HIGHER Education is the question of the hour. Journalists as well as periodicalists treat it with vigor and frankness; orators and lecturers expound it with warmth and sagacity; both Catholic and Protestant educators discuss and advocate it with a oneness, earnestness, and thoroughness unprecedented in the annals of the world's history. And why? First, because to-day more than ever the want of such men is felt, that willingly and successfully pursue "Higher Education" to become lovers of truth and worth, defenders and advocates of the best ideals and principles; second, because to-day more than ever "Higher Education" is threatened to be replaced by the so-called "Money-making Education" which is inevitably to result in aristocratism and plutocratism. However, that, despite marked efforts on the part of the very first classes of men, "Higher Education," as sought at colleges and universities, is not what we would wish it, is, as current views have it, attributable: 1, to the absence of religion in instruction (Catholic institutions are here excluded); 2, to the incompleteness of the curriculum of studies; 3, to the antipathy with regard to the old classics; 4, to the neglect of imbuing the student with love and zeal for mental occupations; 5, to the too great popularity of athletics; 6, to the excessive devotedness to stage-acting. Of these the last mentioned, viz: "excessive devotedness to stage-act-

ing" contains the message which the writer kindly and humbly submits to his readers for calm and unbiased reflection. And to give the message the necessary clearness and contrast he will dwell successively 1, on our worth as a nation; 2, on our nation's need of "Higher Education"; 3, on the means of securing "Higher Education"; 4, on stage-acting, together with its relation to, and influence upon the aspirant to "Higher Education."

We Americans are but rightly alleged to be a most thrifty, bright and loyal people. In the clearing and tilling of land a hundred years did more with us than a thousand with others; in the realm of sciences directly tending to the commodities and practical applications in life we are without a rival; in the mutual furtherance of earthly peace and prosperity we have justly won the unanimous praise and admiration of abroad. Hence, were human society, were man not endowed with an *ideal*, viz: "*Love of excellence*", our nation could bid fair of having reached the goal of strifes and desires capable of attainment.

Fortunately, however, there is a something,—a power lurking within the bosom of man, that enables him to break those narrow confines of materialism and to triumph over sense and appetite. History, the preceptress of mankind, confirms this. Her pages present to our mental gaze tribes and nations rising from the lowest state of barbarism to the very zenith of civilization and culture. Prying into the cause of this rise, of this development, we detect a principle innate in the individual, innate in the mass, "that tends to se-

lect and assemble in one entire the beauties and perfections noted in different individuals, excluding everything defective or unseemly, so as to form a type, a model of the best": a principle that bids man to rise above the commonplace thoughts of the crowd: a principle that exhorts him to soar aloft and create worlds of his own where love and beauty, peace and harmony rule supreme. This principle is the *ideal*,—"Love of excellence" in man; similar to the other natural gifts of man, his *ideal* in its primitive state is rude and dull; to have it respond to every and even the faintest whisper of "intellectual perfection," it must be trained, it must be refined. To do this is the office of "Higher Education."

Various and manifold as the means are by which we secure "Higher Education", they can be brought under three distinct heads; viz, Belief in Excellence, Love of Study and Sense of Duty.

Belief in Excellence:—Through the instrumentality of this requisite, the first and most essential of the three mentioned, the aspirant to "Higher Education" is made to comply with the urgent demands: first, to fully and perfectly develop humanity in all its organs and functions; second, to raise society to a still higher level of civilization, to imbue it with a still greater worth of culture and with a still purer love of morality; third, to deeply impress upon man that he is not the *slave*, but the *king* of things created, that his soul is not *matter*, but the *breath* and *image* of God, and that, therefore, he must not sell her birth-right for a mess of wealth and honor.

Love of Study:—This requisite, though intrinsically of inferior educational value than “Belief in Excellence”, is no less essential to the youth striving for “Higher Education”. For, as to the traveler bound for home the best and securest road is of no avail, unless he be duly and sufficiently informed thereof and be willing to face and undergo the few unpleasantries connected therewith, so too, the young man aspiring to “Higher Education” must necessarily receive light and appreciation—the markstones of “Belief in Excellence”, from mental occupations and bravely encounter the difficulties thereof; in a word, the student must needs possess a *true* “Love of Study”.

Sense of Duty:—With the aid of the third and last requisite the youth is to curb his propensities to pleasure and prevent his thoughts from becoming commonplace, low, and degrading. It is to teach him how to keep his animal nature in check, how to disdain all that flatters his beastly appetite, how to prize his mental over his physical faculties, how to value his duties, his obligations in life and to manfully stand by them.

Stage-acting is the presentation of human feelings, motives and aims by way of action and dialogue. It is the means by which one man interprets true to nature the character of another. The secret of its success, therefore, lies always in the sympathetic identification of the actor with the thoughts and situation of the “ideal presence”, or in other words, in the actor’s quitting his own character and in his assuming that of the “ideal presence”.

Now the question arises: Is the above said substitution of characters,—is stage-acting conducive to the aspirant to “Higher Education”,—to the youth occupied with the training and refining of his *ideal*—with the forming of *character*? This the writer answers with the negative, and for two reasons. First, on account of the non-conformity of tendencies, existing between stage-acting and “Higher Education”; and second, on account of the loss of time students incur by stage-acting. As partly seen above the training and refining of one’s ideal, or in other words, the forming of one’s character consists in the selecting and assembling in one entire the beauties and perfections noted in different individuals, or better, in the earnest strife to cleanse one’s soul from every defect and to ennoble her by the practice of virtue. Its cornerstone is sense of duty and righteousness, wherefore its success like the Kingdom of God suffers violence.

The complete opposition existing between Stage-acting and the forming of character becomes glaring when we compare the tendency of the one with that of the other. Stage-acting of to-day unlike that of yore purposes to itself not to educate, but to recreate, not to instruct and elevate, but to flatter and degrade, not to spiritualize, but to materialize human society. The forming of character, the training and refining of one’s ideal,—“Higher Education” tends to bring man in contact with the longings of his soul,—with God his Maker. Stage-acting, therefore, as we must conclude from the aforesaid, exerts a most

dire influence upon the aspirant to "Higher Education"; it quenches the very spark of "love of excellence" in the young man's heart and defiantly hoists the banners of pleasures and ease, of disrespect and indifference to the "Highest and the Best".

Any one that is at all acquainted with the difficulties of *successful* Stage-acting must admit the unrelentingness and protraction of labor to which one must subject himself who does not wish to make Stage-acting cold and mechanical or a mere recital. A student, therefore, admitted even that he possess five talents, cannot undergo aforesaid labor without being compelled, as it were, to neglect his regular classwork and to become deaf to the call of his duties.

Stage-acting is no longer considered a necessary "educational factor", else it were enrolled in the commonly accepted list of studies; but there we do not find it. Again, if Stage-acting were looked upon as a necessary "educational factor", then rank injustice would be done to two-thirds of the aspirants to "Higher Education"; because, under prevailing circumstances known to all, only such students can be and are chosen to participate in the rendition of a drama, that evince natural abilities for it; and of any student-body, the number of such students never exceeds one third.

It cannot be denied that stage-acting proves most useful to the aspirant to "Higher Education" in as far as it gives him the tact to see things from different points of view, to discern the ideal in character from that which is not ideal, and to

identify himself sympathetically with every human being. This sympathetic identification is almost necessary to develop one's own being. Yet all this the student can do better and to more advantage to himself by reading a drama *dramatically*, than by participating in amateur performances.

If it is true that "Actors fail as orators and orators as actors", and that actors must be *impressible* whilst orators must possess the power of *impressing*, then the art of acting is not as closely allied to that of speaking as some would have it. The means, therefore, of acquiring the one must necessarily differ from those of securing the other. Hence, a famous author says: "The stage gives only a theatrical accent and gesture, ill-becoming an orator; it never formed any great man to speak well at the bar or in the pulpit. The gracefulness of a natural, easy and animated action is acquired by attention and practice in declaiming."

Giving all this an earnest and unbiased thought, we are led to conclude that stage-acting does not possess the educational value which many claim. In the hands of professionals, stage-acting when founded on Shakespearian and other highly instructive dramas has undoubtedly a great educational value, and this not so much for the actors as for the audience. In the hands of amateurs, however,—such as we find in our institutions of learning, stage-acting can have but a small educational value for both the actor and the witnesses, and this small educational value has yet failed to balance the disadvantages which students incur by stage-acting.

CYRIL C. MOHR, '01.

REVERY.

On yon bright shore I oft did stroll,
In days to life's stern frown unknown,
Where dancing waves so gayly roll
Upon a stream 'mongst valleys lone.

From distant hills and far off lands
Glad tides of peace and joy it bore;
And from my boat I loosed the bands,
To part where youth shall meet no more.

Life's splendor seemed more fair and true
Whilst boyhood's flag was floating high;
And common things seemed rare and new,
Yet far away, though ever nigh.

Fair boyhood's days will be no more
By woods and streams on earth below,
But on some brighter, greener shore,
Beyond this weary pass of woe.

E. HEFELE, '01.



THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year.....	1.00
Single copies.....	.10

It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

Entered at the Collegeville Post office as second class matter.

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EDITORIALS.

During this month begins the most holy season of the entire ecclesiastical year. February 20th will usher in sorrowful Lent with his commands for repentance.

The dreaded semi-annual examinations are again with the things of the past. The students on the whole have creditably absolved them, many even with marked distinctions. But if there should be any who find their standard lower than of right it should be, let them take courage and the next session may prove to be more propitious to their efforts.

One half of the scholastic year is now past. The first session has shown itself worthy of the hope and confidence that were placed in it last Sept. It has been a success beyond expectation. Everything passed by quickly, smoothly, harmoniously. The class standards are all above the ordinary; in athletics St. Joseph's football teams made strenuous efforts during the season and the results have been superior to any yet reaped on our gridiron. The societies all have a clear, noble record to present. Gentlemen, keep up the good work; make the second session what the first has been!

After the terrors of the examinations had been set aside the students were engaged in a more serious affair—the annual triduum. And we wish to take this opportunity to thank sincerely our retreat master, Rev. H. Meissner, of Peru, Ind. for the many wholesome and highly instructive lessons he has given us. He always put his entire soul into the subject, spoke with fire and earnestness that could not fail to impress his listeners. The students, too, were in earnest about an affair of such high importance, and we do not hesitate

to assure the Rev. Father that the pious seed he has sown in the hearts of the students will bear fruit manifold during the coming year.

January 9th was a happy day for the inmates of St. Joseph's. On that day we had our Bishop, Rt. Rev. H. J. Alerding, in our midst. It was his first official visit to the college; and it will be long remembered by both students and faculty alike. We offer to the Rev. Bishop our sincerest thanks for the favor conferred upon us, and at the same time wish to assure him that at St. Joseph's he will ever find welcome hearts.

"Queen Victoria is dead," was the sorrowful news that startled the entire civilized world on the evening of Jan. 22. Indeed, the long expected had happened; the old Queen of the United Kingdom and Empress of India had quietly and patiently shaken off this mortal coil and passed to a better shore.

Many are the comments the event has brought forth; mostly favorably, but even now and then an inharmonious note is distinctly heard. Hers has been the longest reign of any European sovereign; she occupied the throne even longer than did George III. of sorrowful memory; and only Sapor II. of Persia can boast of a longer reign than was hers, but only by six short years.

To England Victoria's reign has been a most prosperous one. She had arrived at the zenith of her power, and was acknowledged as such by all the nations. But in how far this is due to the

Queen's efforts remains for later and impartial historians to prove clearly, at present the events are yet too fresh in the minds of men; all the effects of her acts, be they for good or evil, have not yet been felt. The future will reveal. 'Tis however certain that all the triumphs of the English realm, during the last sixty years, are not all to be ascribed to her unhesitatingly. She possessed premiers, who were to her a right hand, the depth of whose political, governmental, diplomatic and statesmanlike genius has not yet been sounded by the prosperous condition to which they elevate the English prestige.

Victoria's reign has been a reign of blood-shed. Forty wars to the name of one ruler is indeed a significant number. True there was but one, a war of great importance: the fight with the Russians in Cremia. But the others are all the more horrible as they were against weak Asiatic or African tribes unable to defend themselves against the aggressive encroachments of powerful Albion. But all these strifes, 'tis certain, had not always Victoria's free-hearted consent. And last of all that bloody, greedy, ignominious war now being waged in South Africa against a free and formerly happy people, only to enslave them for the few ounces of the dirty yellow metal that may lie hidden among their native hills. Certain it is that the aged Queen was averse to this war, and we do believe that those who have said that the sorrows and trials occasioned by this bitter, fruitless strife have hastened on the Queen's death, is the blunt, plain fact too evident to be denied.

But to arrive at the true estimate of her life and character we must see her from another side. She was indeed a great Queen; but by far a greater woman. As woman and mother she has deserved her greatest glory; she has set a glorious example to the European courts of which they will not so soon lose sight.

We cannot but surmise that, so far as the reins of the government were guided by the hands of the Queen, it was done with a clear sense toward right and justice. She loved peace and only reluctantly affixed her signature to documents of war, but gladly to instruments of peace. Catholics have no complaints to make against her rule. They enjoyed full liberty in her world-wide realms. In England the Church has been continually gaining ground; more than under any other sovereign since England stepped out of Peter's saving bark.

Much talk would be useless; her reign is now ended, and we must take it as it has been. Give her honor where she has deserved it, as to the rest let her repose in peace.

EXCHANGES.

The bright cheery journal always solicits our admiration and to it we turn in leisure moments. Such a journal is certainly the *Agnesian Monthly*. Unassuming, yet holding our attention with almost every line from cover to cover. "The Progress of the Church and Lord Macaulay" is an article of great merit. Although it rehearses facts which we all know, its merit lies in the clear flowing language. 'Tis hardly possible that it required an editor and assistant editor to turn out but one short editorial. The Exchanges are written in a "catchy" manner.

The *Niagara Index* contains several creditable essays. The imaginative production "A Concert" approaches very near to reality, as a number of people, especially students, can testify. With much interest we read the article, "The Twentieth Century Newspaper," the author certainly sees quite a number of many difficulties in the establishment of such a paper. We hope that the Index will have reason to congratulate itself on its new editor.

One of the wittiest and the spiciest of our exchange friends, is the *Owl*; it has caused many of us sedate seniors to disgrace our dignity by an "obstreperous smile," to use the favorite term of a walking-dictionary in knickerbockers. The contributions betray a spirit of sociableness and geniality unequalled in most of our college Journals.

“The Tragic Fall of Dicky, the Scrub” was greatly amusing. The troubles of the “Professor” are humorously and suggestively treated. The following deserves to be quoted, “Let ‘school’ be something beyond a mere place to grind at studies.”

W. ARNOLD '02.

PERSONALS.

The following Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers were at the College during the last month; J. Berg, Remington; J. Dinnen, Lafayette; J. Durham, Ft. Wayne; G. Horstman, Reynolds; F. Koenig, Lowell; H. Meissner, Peru; L. Moench, Valparaiso; C. Romer, Delphi; M. Zumbuelte, Hanover Centre; C. Thiele, Whiting; H. Plaster, Hammond; J. Kuckacki, East Chicago; F. Jansen, Frankfort; T. Eisenring, C. PP. S., Ft. Wayne; R. Wurth, O. F. M. Lafayette; H. Bleckman, Michigan City; J. J. Eugster, Tiffin, O.

Mr. and Mrs. V. Oberting of Lawrenceburg, Ind., accompanied by Mr. G. Kunz, visited their son Marion on the 15th ult.

Miss K. Hildebrand of Delphi, Ind., visited her brother John on Feb. 3.

Mr. L. Werling of Tiffin, O., Mr. E. Ley of Lima, O. and Mr. L. Flory of Archbold, O., entered the college after the Christmas holidays.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrated Explanation of the Apostles' Creed.

This work is adapted from the original of Rev. H. Rolfus, D. D. by the well known author of "Popular Instructions," the V. Rev. F. Girardy, C. SS. R. The author's name alone would be sufficient to vouch for its genuineness; but it moreover bears the "Imprimatur" of the Archbishop of New York. The work is divided into two parts: the first treating on "Faith in General," its nature, necessity and properties. This is a very apt introduction to the subject proper: "The Apostles' Creed." The explanations of the various articles are lucid and complete. The illustration to each article is admirably adapted. The volume is such as will prove highly beneficial to those who carefully read it and endeavor to put into practice the many wholesome lessons contained in its pages. Even to the priest a book so systematically arranged will prove useful as a guide for giving instructions. But most of all it should find its way into the hands of many non-Catholics, to whom it would be a shining light and would remove many an obstacle that proves to them a stumbling-block. We earnestly recommend this little volume to the general public and wish it a wide circulation.

Benziger Bros. Price 1.00.

THE BISHOP'S VISIT.

After the students had returned from their holiday vacation, they enjoyed a few pleasant days. On the 9th. and 10th. of January, the Rt. Rev. Bishop H. J. Alerding, of Ft. Wayne, paid to St. Joseph's his first official visit. The event was the cause of a happy celebration, such as St. Joseph's has not enjoyed for many years. The honored visitor was escorted from the depot, at Rensselaer, to the college by the military organization commanded by Major Arnold. Owing to the rainy weather the band played its welcome at the main entrance.

Having arrived at the college they proceeded to the chapel where the Bishop gave his Episcopal blessing. At 7.30 P. M. an excellent program was rendered by the C. L. S. It consisted of a welcome address by Mr. W. Arnold, followed by selections from the drama "Pizarro" interspersed with a few well chosen vocal and instrumental selections under the direction of P. Justin and Prof. J. Hemmersbach. After the program the Rt. Rev. Bishop addressed the audience in his happy, inimitable manner.

On Thursday morning the Rt. Rev. Bishop Alerding sang Pontifical High Mass, assisted by Rev. H. Plaster, of Hammond, and Rev. J. Berg, of Remington, as deacon and subdeacon respectively; Rev. C. Romer, of Delphi, and Rev. C. Thiele, of Whiting, deacons of honor. V. Rev. L. Moench, of

Valparaiso, chaplain to the celebrant; Rev. Th. Eisenring, master of ceremonies; Rev. J. Durham, of Ft. Wayne, assistant master of ceremonies. After the gospel the Rt. Rev. Bishop delivered a short discourse on the necessity and the benefits of a good Christian education. His earnest, encouraging words will be long remembered by the inmates of St. Joseph's.

At 10.30 A. M. the military exercises were held under the auspices of the St. Joseph's College Battalion. Considering the fact that the Battalion had not been taking their daily exercises for three weeks the young aspirants to military fame deserve great credit for the exactness and precision of their performances. After the drills the Rt. Rev. Bishop again addressed the students, this time on "Athletics", heartily endorsing the progress of athletics and games of the present day. Our honored guest departed on the afternoon train.

LOCALS.

"Sink or swim, survive or perish" the trial is past.

"Who sawed wood last night?" "No one, Richard was only splitting fencerails."

By the time this number is issued the semi-annual examinations will be a thing of the past. We hope every student tried his very best, and if he did he surely has passed the safety point.

At the old stand: "Domine" can now accom-

moderate anyone who desires anything from an old straw hat down to a clean bald head.

Wills: To devote one's life to letters is, I think, a very beneficial occupation, not only to him who is thus engaged, but also to humanity at large.

Theobald: What? Typesetting, typewriting, stenography or sign-painting?

Fabian Steinbrunner, our sacristan, deserves much credit for the artistic manner in which he decorates the altars. On holy-days his work is especially fine.

Stoical Sylvester who always looks at the bright side of all human affairs: How very kind of nature to cover the black earth with pure white snow after poor Queen Victoria had died. Really now I pity the unhappy Boers.

The day was cold and rainy. In the hazy distance a mumbling sound was heard. Upon a better view it proved to be the college military band trying to play while walking around our famous bicycle track. A large crowd had assembled, and everybody seemed to be enjoying himself until some one said: "The music of that band sounds like somebody falling down stairs." "Shanties" were a specialty for a few moments, but since then Prof. has put up a large reward for the head of the culprit, dead or alive.

Sebastian: Say Syl, why don't you go and skate? Syl: Because the poor astronomers would not be able to name all the stars that I might discover.

When history used to be future, it was very

easy to be studied, for then the dates were as yet all green.

Of late we have often wondered, if in their sorrow for the poor dead Queen, the awful Boers will now stop killing and capturing those unhappy English soldiers??

Vigilant (??) Trap: That crow flew past my window several times now.

Smart Boy: Keep your eyes peeled, Charley, it might be Pat. Crowe.

Patriotic Sixtus: For boys to "kick" for a free day is a very natural thing in these days of superior civilization. By doing so they may become famous, even more, have their statue placed on a high pedestal in the Hall of Fame at N. Y. What else did Washington do, and that too when he had already grown up and become an old man, but "kick" that his dear old mamma (England) should give him some free days.

The introduction of a course of gymnastic was hailed with delight by the students. They are very thankful to Father Ulrich for the interest he is taking in the boys. The Rev. Father is proficient in gymnastics and the class promises to be a success in the hands of such an excellent instructor.

Mader: Is your watch a water-belly?

Sulzer: You mean Waterbury, don't you?

Mader: Guess I do.

There is only one branch of studies from which I draw great benefits, and this study, too, is very entertaining and delightful: I always read the dictionary during "rec" hours. L. Huber.

With the new century came a new barber. The shop is on a strictly union basis and first class work is guaranteed. The steel and dauber are wielded by the competent hands of Mr. E. Werling. He kindly invites all those with any pretensions to "fuzz" to drop in to have it cleaned, brushed or removed.

"Ill luck always comes in a heap," says Felix. "My fountain pen went dry during Greek examination."

About the freshest article that ever struck S. J. C. is that "Lima Bean".

Braun: Of what nationality is your father, Carlos?

Little Paul: He's a graindealer.

When a man sleeps the centre of gravity oscillates to his head, therefore he goes to bed.

English grammar teaches us how to make mistakes, and correct the mistakes another makes when using the English Language.

Romulus, Romae conditor, deus factus est. Romulus, a candy maker at Rome, was made a god.

No one will dispute Horstman's proficiency in literature. Here is a sample: The difference between Shakespeare's dramas and Milton's epic is this: Milton was blind when he wrote, Shakespeare was not.

Who ever disputed Cyril's philosophical turn of mind take this statement and grind your teeth on it. "I have no doubt that the twentieth century will be a most progressive one in all divisions of human industry. But one example: Washington was fiftyseven years of age when he became

president towards the close of the eighteenth century; Lincoln became president in the latter half of the nineteenth, being only fifty one years old; now at the insignificant age of twenty three at the beginning of the twentieth century I have already been made a president. How flooded with wisdom will the world not be one hundred years hence.

Benno is becoming very dangerous or very clever of late. Rabbits fall dead from fright when he is out hunting.

On the day after the students had absolved all their examinations, they were granted the privilege of a sleigh-ride. The trip was very delightful and it was highly enjoyed by all. The students wish to express their hearty thanks to the Rev. President for his kind consideration in their behalf, and likewise their Rev. Prefect for having procured for them this enjoyable afternoon.

Senior: If I divide these ten oranges among six boys what will be the answer?

Roman: Thank you, sir, we will call again.

Lost his curry-comb and brush, the finder will please return them to their owner, Leander. Half of his uncombed crop will be the liberal reward.

Professor: What would be the result of five times six times two minus sixteen plus four.

Junk: It would be a self-evident truth that cannot be demonstrated.

Will the editor please inform us where we can buy new pens, stump pens preferred since our old ones are rusty. Members of the staff.

Inquire at the police station we do not run a hardware store.

One fine summer morning in the lost year 1492, Columbus went out with a small fishing party. One of the party happened to catch a little bass. Now the men began to quarrel among themselves to whom the honor of capturing the little thing was due. In the dispute they forgot to take care of their sails. At the same time an accidentally strong gale arose and drove their little skiff across the big frog-pond, which has since developed into the Atlantic ocean, and shattered the little bark in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba in the summer of the year 1898. Thus Columbus convinced the Spanish Queen that Europe need not be so proud of its existence as there were others. She believed. But Columbus had to return. Well, after a little search some Indian brought him a little whisky keg. He then wrote a history of his good luck, put it into the keg, corked it, tied his handkerchief to the front end, sat himself on the other end and blew himself slowly back to Spain where he unloaded his heavy cargo, lived a little longer and died. So will I. Grube's History of Australia.

HONORARY MENTION.

FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

G. Arnold, W. Arnold, J. Bach, E. Barnard, F. Boeke, J. Braun, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt, W. Fisher, H. Froning, R. Goebel, R. Halpin, P. Hartman, A. Hepp, E. Hoffman, H. Horstman, B. Huelsman, A. Junk, N. Keller, A. Knapke, J. Lemper, A. Lonsway, E. Lonsway, F. Mader, H. Metzdorf, A. McGill, H. Muhler, J. Mutch, B. Quell, A. Reichert, M. Shea, J. Steinbrunner, J. A. Sullivan, T. Sulzer, F. Theobald, C. VanFlandern, L. Wagner, B. Wellman, P. Welsh, E. Werling, J. Wessel, E. Wills, J. Yochem.

90-95 PER CENT.

J. Buchman, P. Carlos, F. Flaherty, T. Hammes, H. Heim, J. Jones, L. Monahan, J. Naughton, C. Ready, C. Sibold, V. Sibold, J. F. Sullivan,
